Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE ALDINE.

JAMES SUTTON & CO., Publishers,

23 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

$5.00 per Annum (*with chromo.*) Single Copies, 50 Cents.

MY NEIGHBOR OVER THE WAY.

I KNOW where an old philosopher dwells —
A bearded cynic of wit and sense,
In a broad white tent with curious cells,
On the sunny side of the garden fence.
He passes his days in virtuous ease,
Watching the world with his many eyes;
And perhaps he is sorry when he sees
How his tent entangles the moths and flies.

I have a neighbor, a legal man,
We meet on the sidewalk every day;
He is shrewd to argue, and scheme, and plan,
Is my legal neighbor over the way;
He talks, perhaps, a trifle too much —
But he knows such a vast deal more than I:
We have in our village a dozen such,
Who do no labor — the Lord knows why.

But they eat and drink of the very best,
And the cloth that they wear is soft and fine,
And they have more money than all the rest,
With handsome houses, and plate, and wine.
And I ponder at times, when tired and lame,
How strangely the gifts of fortune fall;
And wonder if we are not to blame
Who have so little, yet pay for all.

Alas, for the workers throughout the land,
Who labor and watch, but wait too long,
Who wear the vigor of brain or hand
In trifling pleasures, and drink, and song!
But my neighbor is one who understands
All social riddles; and he explains
That some must labor with callous hands,
While others may work with tongue and brains.

Though he doesn't make it so very clear,
Why he should fare much better than one
Who does more work in a single year
Than he in all of his life has done!
But he argues me out of all demur,
With logic that fogs my common sense;
And I think of the old philosopher
Whose "shingle" hangs by the garden fence.

— *George W. Sears.*

THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

THE noble savage is the creation of poets and romancers; he has no existence in real life. He is a Myth. That the savage is not always so bad as he is painted, we are willing to admit. He may have as many virtues of a certain sort as his white brother has vices, which is saying a great deal, but these virtues are pushed to such extremes that they often become vices. There are scores of poems of which the savage, noble or otherwise, is the theme, but the two which are best remembered, and which are probably the best, are "Gertrude of Wyoming," and "The Song of Hiawatha."

"Gertrude of Wyoming" was much admired in its day, and is occasionally read now, we suppose. It was commenced in 1806, and, like everything that Campbell wrote, was very slowly written — three years having been spent upon it before it was ready for the press. The idea of the poem is said to have been suggested by a German story: the materials were taken from Ashe, Lewis and Clarke, Weld, and other travelers in America, and from Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia." These were good authorities, and where Campbell followed them he was on safe ground; where he followed his fancy he was misled, and willingly enough it would seem. He must have known that he was romancing at a fearful rate when he wrote this stanza:

> "Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,
> The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
> But feed their flocks on green declivities,
> Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
> From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
> With timbrel, when beneath the forest brown,
> Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew;
> And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
> Would echo flageolet from some romantic town."

The critics were generous to "Gertrude of Wyoming," none more so than Jeffrey, whose panegyric was published in the *Edinburgh Review* on the same day the poem appeared. "We rejoice once more," he said, "to see a polished and pathetic poem in the old style of English pathos and poetry. This is of the pitch of the 'Castle of Indolence,' and the finer parts of Spenser, with more feeling in many places than the first, and more diligent finishing than the latter." This was for the public. To Campbell himself Jeffrey wrote more frankly about the faults of the poem, especially the "diligent finishing" of its language. "The most dangerous faults, however, are your faults of diction. There is still a good deal of obscurity in many passages, and in others a strained and unnatural expression, an appearance of labor and hardness; you have hammered the metal in some places till it has lost all its ductility. Your timidity, or fastidiousness, or some other knavish quality will not let you give your conceptions glowing, and bold, and powerful, as they present themselves; but you must chasten, and refine, and soften them, forsooth, till half their nature and grandeur is chiselled away from them." If we did not remember "Ye Mariners of England," and "The Battle of the Baltic," we should say this was flattery. It was certainly flattery as regards "Gertrude of Wyoming," which for the most part was as thin as it was labored, while it was worse than worthless as a picture of early American life. What has saved it from oblivion is its spirited portrait of the Indian chief,

> "A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear."

The love of Gertrude and Albert is prettily expressed — what little there is of it, and Mr. Nehlig has done well in selecting it as a subject for his bold and picturesque pencil.

"The Song of Hiawatha" has carried Indian literature wherever the English language is spoken or read. It is what the critics of foreign countries had a right to demand from an American poet, *i.e.*, an American poem, and it fulfills the conditions of such a poem. Of course, there is another side to America than that which its aborigines have turned to the gaze of the world. There is the early Puritan side, grim and stern as a battle-frieze on some old temple, alive with determined combatants; there is the Colonial and Revolutionary side, wherein pastoral and warlike scenes are strangely mingled; and there is the side of To-Day, bustling, money-making — unheroic. All these elements must be taken into consideration by the poet who shall aspire to write the one great American Poem. This, however, was not what Mr. Longfellow aimed at in "The Song of Hiawatha," which is simply, what he himself calls it, "The Indian Edda." It is the most American poem yet written, and the one by which we should prefer to have Mr. Longfellow best known in Europe. It is not, strictly speaking, original, and if it were it would not possess the value it has now. It is based upon tradition — upon many traditions, most of which are to be found in the "Algic Researches," of the late Henry R. Schoolcraft, which was first published in 1839, and is still the most curious work of the kind extant. As it is not so well known as "The Song of Hiawatha," we give below one of its legends, which Mr. Longfellow has made use of in his description of Kwasind, whom he places among "Hiawatha's Friends," in the sixth section of his poem: —

Pauwating was a village where the young men amused themselves very much in ancient times, in sports and ball-playing.

One day, as they were engaged in their sports, one of the strongest and most active, at the moment he was about to succeed in a trial of lifting, slipped and fell on his back. "Ha! ha! ha!" cried the lookers on, "You will never rival Kwasind." He was deeply mortified, and when the sport was over, these words came into his mind. He could not remember any man of this name. He thought he would ask the old man, the story-teller of the village, the next time he came to the lodge. The opportunity soon occurred.

"My grandfather," said he, "who was Kwasind? I am very anxious to know what he could do."

"Kwasind," the old man replied, "was a listless, idle boy. He would not play when the other boys played, and his parents could never get him to do any kind of labor. He was always making excuses. His parents took notice, however, that he fasted for days together, but they could not learn what spirit he supplicated, or had chosen as the guardian spirit to attend him through life. He was so inattentive to his parents' request, that he, at last, became a subject of reproach.

"Ah," said his mother to him one day, "is there any young man of your age, in all the village, who does so little for his parents? You neither hunt nor fish. You take no interest in anything, whether labor or amusement, which engages the attention of your equals in years. I have often set my nets in the coldest days of winter, without any assistance from you. And I have taken them up again, while you remained inactive at the lodge fire. Are you not ashamed of such idleness? Go, I bid you, and wring out that net, which I have just taken from the water."

Kwasind saw that there was a determination to make him obey. He did not, therefore, make any excuses, but went out and took up the net. He carefully folded it, doubled and redoubled it, forming it into a roll, and then with an easy twist of his hands wrung it short off, with as much ease as if every twine had been a thin brittle fibre. Here they at once saw the secret of his reluctance. He possessed supernatural strength.

After this, the young men were playing one day on the plain, where there was lying one of those large, heavy, black pieces of rock, which Manabozho is said to have cast at his father. Kwasind took it up with much ease, and threw it into the river. After this, he accompanied his father on a hunting excursion to a remote forest. They came to a place where the wind had thrown down a great many trees into a narrow pass. "We must go the other way," said the old man, "it is impossible to get the burdens through this place." He sat down to rest himself, took out his smoking apparatus, and gave a short time to reflection. When he had finished, Kwasind had lifted away the largest pine trees, and pulled them out of the path.

Sailing one day in his canoe, Kwasind saw a large furred animal, which he immediately recognized to be the king of the beavers. He plunged into the water in pursuit of it. His companions were in the greatest astonishment and alarm, supposing he would perish. He often dove down and remained a long time under water, pursuing the animal from island to island; and at last returned with the kingly prize. After this his fame spread far and wide, and no hunter would presume to compete with him.

He performed so many feats of strength and skill, that he excited the envy of the Puck Wudj In-ineesug, or fairies, who conspired against his life. "For," said they, "if this man is suffered to go on, in his career of strength and exploits, we shall presently have no work to perform. Our agency in the affairs of men must cease. He will undermine our power, and drive us, at last, into the water, where we must all perish, or be devoured by wicked Neebanawbaig."

The strength of Kwasind was all concentrated in the crown of his head. This was, at the same time, the only vulnerable part of his body, and there was but one species of weapon which could be successfully employed in making any impression upon it. The fairies carefully hunted through the woods to find this weapon. It was the burr or seed vessel of the white pine. They gathered a quantity of this article, and waylaid Kwasind at a point on the river, where the rocks jut into the water, forming rude castles — a point which he was accustomed to pass in his canoe. They waited a long time, making merry upon these rocks, for it was a highly romantic spot. At last the wished-for object appeared, Kwasind came floating calmly down the stream, on the afternoon of a summer's day, languid with the heat of the weather, and almost asleep. When his canoe came directly beneath the cliff, the tallest and stoutest fairy began the attack. Others followed his example. It was a long time before they could hit the vulnerable part, but success at length crowned their efforts, and Kwasind sunk never to rise more.

Ever since this victory, the Puck Wudj In-in-ee have made that point of rock a favorite resort. The hunters often hear them laugh, and see their little plumes shake as they pass this scene on light summer evenings.

"My son," continued the old man, "take care that you do not imitate the faults of Kwasind. If he had not so often exerted his strength, merely for the sake of boasting, he would not, perhaps, have made the fairies feel jealous of him. It is better to use the strength you have, in a quiet useful way, than to sigh after the possession of a giant's power. For if you run, or wrestle, or jump, or fire at a mark, only as well as your equals in years, nobody will envy you. But if you would needs be a Kwasind, you must expect a Kwasind's fate."

Mr. Moran has caught the spirit of his original — the wild and primitive feeling in which these old Indian traditions originated. His characteristic excellences — power and imagination — are represented as well as they can be without color, in which he excels. For what he is, he has no master in America.